

The Glenwhorple Highlanders

There's a braw fine regiment as ilka mon should ken,
They are deevils at the fetchin', they hae clured a sicht o'men,
They hae suppit muckle whusky when the canteen they gang ben,
Hielan' men frae braw Glenwhorple.

Chorus:

Heuch! Glenwhorple, Hielan' men!
Great strong whisky-suppin' Hielan' men,
For they are hard workin', hairy-legged Hielan' men,
Slainte Mhor Glenwhorple.

They were founded by McAdam, who of a' the men was fairst,
He resided in Glen Eden, whaur he pipit like tae burst,
Wi' a fig leaf for a sporran, an' a pairfect Hielan thairst
Till he stole awa' the aipple frae Glenwhorple.

When the waters o' the deluge drookit a' the whole world o'er,
The Colonel of the Regiment, his name was shaun McNoah,
Sae a muckle boat he biggit an' he sneckit up the door,
An' he sailed awa' frae drooned Glenwhorple.

Then syne he sent a corporal, and gert him find the land,
He returned wi' an empty whusky bottle in his hand,
Sae he kent the flood was drying; he was fu' ye understand
For he'd foond a public hoose abune the water.

When good King Solomon was ruler o' the Glen,
He had a hundred pipers, an' a thoosan' fetchin' men
An' a mighty fine establishment I hae no doot ye ken,
For he kept a sicht o' wives in auld Glenwhorple.

Then there came a birkie bangster, who was chieftain o' the clan,
His name it was t'Wallace, an' he was a fetchin' mon,
For he harried a' the border and awa' the Southron ran,
Frae the dingin' o' the claymores o' Glenwhorple.

When the bonnie pipes are skirlin', an' the lads are on parade
I' the braw Glenwhorple tartan wi' the claymore and the plaid,
When the Sergeant-Major's sober and the Colonel's no afraid
O' seein' tartan spiders in Glenwhorple.

Eh, a bonnie sicht they mak', when the canteen they gang ben
When the morn's parade is o'er, she'll be fu' a' drunken men,
An a thoosan' canty kilties will be stottin' doon the Glen
For they drink a power o' whusky in Glenwhorple.